THE Numb. 33.

VIRGINIA GAZETTE.

Containing the freſheſt Advices, Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Friday, March 11, to Friday, March 18, 1736.

Fortune a Goddeſs is to Fools alone,
The Wiſe are always Rulers of their own. Dryd.

WE are told in Fable, that when the Carrier found his Wheel ſtuck in the Mire, he fell on his Knees, and pray'd *Jupiter* to help him; but, it ſeems, the Waggon never ſtirr'd. Some Travellers paſſing by, and obſerving the Fellow's Condition, adviſed him to get up, whip his Horſes, ſet his Shoulder to the Wheel, and then pray to *Jupiter*; he did ſo, and his Waggon preſently got clear of the Ruck.

By the Moral of this Fable we are taught, that the Gods allow of human Means in human Affairs, and that Miracles are not to be wrought upon every little Diſappointment: It ſhews alſo, that Providence itſelf is an Enemy to Lazineſs and Sloath.

As the great Powers which the Vulgar place in this *Chimæra*, may encourage Indolence and Neglect in Mens private Affairs, I ſhall (I hope, without incurring the Cenſure of Atheiſm) rob this imaginary Goddeſs, of ſome of her falſe Attributes; I will endeavour to pull down her Altars, and ſet up in their Place thoſe of a much greater Divinity, call'd *Induſtry*; and will venture to aſſure the World, that whoever ſhall Sacrifice to this laſt, will find her much kinder to her Votaries than *Fortune*.

But this I ſhall defer to another Paper; in the mean Time I ſhall beg Leave to expatiate a little further upon Fortune; and as nothing illuſtrates a Maxim ſo well as a Fable, I ſhall make Choice of one upon this Subject, which I ſhall tranſlate from a foreign Author.

" Infinite are the Numbers of thoſe who complain of " Fortune, but very few acknowledge her Favours. This " Diſcontent has paſſed from Men to Beaſts, according to " the Syſtem of the ſage *Eſop*. There is not an Ani- " mal ſo ſtupid but grumbles, or rather brays at For- " tune. The Aſs, ſince we muſt name him, went from " Aſſembly to Aſſembly, to make the Complaints of his " Condition heard: He met with Compaſſion from his " Companions, as his Grievances ſeem'd to be common " with their own. It is ſaid, that at the Inſtigation of " ſeveral *Quadrupedes* of other Families, he, at length, " preſented himſelf at an Audience before *Jupiter*; where, " in an humble Poſture, having, in his ſimple Way, beg- " ged Leave to open the Buſineſs that brought him there; " it was granted him; he began in this miſerable Way " to open his more miſerable Complaint.

" O moſt upright *Jupiter*! to whom I addreſs as Judge, " not as Revenger, behold now in your Preſence the weak- " eſt and moſt miſerable of all Creatures; I come not " here ſo much for Revenge for the Injuries I daily ſuffer, " as for ſome Redreſs. Can your Integrity, O immor- " tal *Jupiter*! allow the Injuſtice of Fortune towards " me? If ſhe is blind, it is only to me; to me ſhe is a " cruel Stepmother, a perfect Fury. Nature has made " me as I am, the moſt ſtupid of all Animals; why then " muſt this Barbarian make me the moſt miſerable? Is " not this trampling all Juſtice under Foot? In me ſhe " perſecutes Innocence, and in others, favours Iniquity. " The proud Lion triumphs, the cruel Tyger lives, the " ſubtle Fox cheats with Impunity, the Wolf devours " the Flocks of others; yet I, who do no Injuries to any, " muſt ſuffer them from all. As I am patient, I am over- " labour'd, and ſo loaded, that I ſink under the Weight; " Careſſes I never receiv'd, but am corrected even to the " End of my Ears, and that as long as my Journey laſts. " As to my Diet, even Thiſtles, the Refuſe of all Beaſts, " are grudged me; I never eat a fourth Part of a Belly " full, and if I ſtop upon the Road but a Minute, I find " immediately a Shower of Blows fall upon my Back; " beſides, I am neglected, and ſo ill accouter'd, that " what with my Uglineſs, I am not fit to appear before " Perſons of Condition, ſo that I am reduc'd to ſerve " Peaſants and Clowns, who uſe me as they pleaſe; and " this touches me more ſenſibly than all the reſt.

This Harangue made Impreſſion upon the Auditors; but *Jupiter*, who is always the ſame, was nothing mov'd; with a grave and magiſterial Air he made a Sign, by which he ſignified his Will, that Fortune ſhould have Notice to appear, in order to be heard in her Turn; immediately ſeveral Perſons of different Conditions, Men of Buſineſs, Scholars, &c. went in Queſt of Fortune, but without thinking to inform themſelves where ſhe was moſt likely to be found, they ſearched a Thouſand different Places, but found her not; they enquired of a Multitude where ſhe lived, but met with no Perſon who could ſhew them. They ran as faſt as they could to the lofty Palace of powerful *Credit*; there the Confuſion was ſo great, and every one poſſeſs'd with his own Buſineſs, that ſo far from anſwering them, ſcarce any Body ſaw them. From thence they poſted to the Palace of *Riches*, but *Care*, who ſtood at the Threſhold, told them, in a very melancholly Tone, that Fortune, indeed, had often made ſhort Viſits there, but that ſhe always brought with her *Thorns*. Upon this Intelligence, our Couriers, without making any Reply, paſs'd on, and made the beſt of their Way to the Houſe of *Wiſdom*, there they met with what they did not look for; for *Poverty* was the firſt Thing which preſented her ſelf to their Eyes, who ſaid to them, *Fortune is not here; we wait for her, it is true, but not with Impatience.*

In fine, after many fruitleſs Enquiries, our Travellers, at length, diſcovered at a Diſtance, a moſt glittering and ſumptuous Edifice, which look'd like the Work of Fairies; they haſten'd towards it, and when they came near this enchanted Place, they perceived all Entrances to it were ſhut up. This extream Caution perſwaded them they were at the End of their Enquiry; they called out, making Uſe of the name of *Jupiter*, whoſe Deputies they ſaid they were: Then Fortune came forth from a private Corner, whither ſhe ſometimes withdrew from the Importunity of Mortals; our Deputies, whom ſhe received with a ſmiling Countenance, declared their Commiſſion, and then withdrew.

In a Moment *Fortune* convey'd her ſelf to the Throne of *Jupiter*; the Preſs was very great to ſee her, but much greater to be ſeen by her: In the mean Time *Jupiter* ſpoke to her in the following Terms.

What is the Meaning, *Fortune*, that we are every Day troubled with Complaints of your Conduct? I know it is not eaſy to content one Man, harder to content many, and next to impoſſible to content all. I know alſo, that ſome, weary of being at their Eaſe, murmer for ſome Trifle which they want, while ungrateful to you, they enjoy every Thing elſe in Abundance. It is ſtrange that Men ſhould ſee all the Good in other Peoples Conditions, without any of the Evil; and, on the contrary, all the Evil in their own, without any Mixture of the Good. When Men caſt their Eyes upon a crown'd Head, they are dazzled with the Luſtre of a Diadem, yet thoſe who

who wear it, are charged with a heavy Burthen. This is the Reaſon I have given to little Ear to the Complaints of Men always diſſatisfied with their Condition, whatever it be.

But the preſent Complainant againſt you, *Fortune*, lays before us a Grievance of a particular Nature, he pretends his Misfortune is without Example, and that you are the Cauſe. -------- Let's hear what have you to ſay in your own Defence.

At firſt, *Fortune* was tempted to laugh at *Jupiter*'s Manner of ſumming up the Accuſation againſt her, but recollecting where ſhe was, ſhe compoſed her ſelf, and with a ſerious Air ſaid, 'Moſt Sovereign *Jupiter*, I ſhall 'make uſe of no more than Three Words, to juſtify 'my ſelf in what's alledged againſt me, if you will vouch-'ſafe to hear them; my Adverſary, now preſent before 'your Majeſty, complains of his being an Aſs; and *whoſe 'Fault is that?*

The whole Audience was pleaſed with this Anſwer, *Jupiter* ſubſcribed to it, and added a Reprimand for the Inſtruction of ſo ſilly a Complainant: Poor Creature, you would not have been miſerable, if you had had any Conduct; go, and for the Future, imitate the Vigilance of the *Lion*, the Cunning of the *Fox*, the Prudence of the *Elephant*, the Precaution of the *Wolf*; and for the Future, apply your ſelf to the Means conducing to the End you deſire, and you will attain it: Then raiſing his Voice, let all Men once in their Lives, be undeceived in what relates to Happineſs or Misfortune, and let them know the Spring of one, is Wiſdom, and of the other Folly.

Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis;
Indoctuſq; pilæ, diſcive, trochive, quieſcit;
Ni ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impune coronæ:
Qui neſcit, verſus tamen audet fingere.

HOR. de Arte Poet.

To Mr. Parks.

Sir,

I Acknowledge my Error in dwelling ſo long upon Generals, upon the *Monitor*; and own, that what has been yet ſaid, may look like bare Allegations, without any Proofs to ſupport them. I ſhall therefore now deſcend to Particulars, and hope to ſhew, from his own Writings, that I have had great Reaſon to be ſhock'd at them; and that he is the very individual Scribbler, which I have deſcribed him to be, always trifling, and frequently plunging into the greateſt Depths of Nonſenſe and Abſurdity. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

ZOILUS.

REMARKS on the MONITOR's *laſt SONG.*

A new Song.] This is a very proper Title; becauſe our Author ſometimes publiſhes old Songs, as has been elſewhere obſerved.

How hard is my Fate! to be thus over-match'd;
O good Sir, forbear! let me not be diſpatch'd;
Have Pity on me, ---------

This is only a Flouriſh, like that of a Gladiator; who, at firſt mounting the Stage, gives the Spectators a Specimen of the Nimbleneſs of his Wriſt, not at all deſigning by it to hurt his Adverſary.

---------- *or at leaſt on your ſelf;*
Your Writing, as yet, has but prov'd you an Elf.

---------- an Elf, *i. e.* a Fairy or a Dwarf. Now, what Sort of *Poets* they are, I cannot poſitively aſſert, having only ſeen one Compoſition from each Species, *viz.* An old, well-known *Fairy Song*, and the *Ode* to *Quinbus Fleſtrin*, by *Titty Tit*, Eſq; from which I ſhou'd have judged, that the *Monitor* deſign'd me a Compliment, if it was not inconſiſtent with what follows. Leaving this, therefore, as a doubtful Point, I ſhall paſs to the next.

Tho' your Numbers are ſweet, your Muſe ſhe ſmells rank,
And by fatal Miſtake, ſhe has play'd you a Prank:
At once take Advice, and pray try her no more,
She only deſign'd it, to play you the Wh----.

This is the firſt Time, I believe, that a *Muſe* was ever accuſed of *ſmelling rank*; or, O fy! which is worſe, of *playing the Whore*. Bad Poetry ſhou'd rather be attributed to the *Writer* himſelf, uninſpired, or ſome other immediate Cauſe: An Example of which, we have in BUTLER, who, ſpeaking to the *Muſe*, ſays,

Thou that with Ale, or wiſer Liquors,
Didſt inſpire Writers, Rhyme and Vickars.

But this can only be attributed to our Author's not being well acquainted with the *antient Poets*, who always treat the *Muſes* in a more decent Manner. Again,------

------*your Muſe ſhe ſmells rank,*

I might as well ſay, the *Monitor he* writes Nonſenſe. This Expreſſion alone, notwithſtanding the Wit of his *Pox on it*, wou'd be ſufficient to bring the *Grub* home to his own Door.

Theſe four fruitful Lines, I find, are like to give me more Trouble; for he ſays, that my *Muſe* play'd me a Prank by Miſtake, and deſign'd it too; which is plainly inconſiſtent with COMMON SENSE. Beſides, ſhe deſign'd *it*, i. e. *this Prank*, to play, or in order to play me the Whore: Now, whether there be any Difference between playing the *Prank*, and playing the *Whore*, I muſt confeſs is ſomething too deep for my Determination. I cannot but obſerve, that the GAZETTE was finely adorn'd in Front, with COLLEY's *fair-ey'd Virgin*, and behind, with the MONITOR's *ſtinking Muſe*.

------*your* Muſe *ſhe ſmells rank,*

This, in the moſt antient and perhaps the moſt *authentick* Copy, was------*your* Muſick *ſmells rank*. If this be the true Reading, I muſt retract ſome of my Notes above written, and only obſerve, that the Senſes are here ſo confounded, as to prove, that the Author had none at all; and is a Confirmation of the 5th Argument in my laſt.

----*your Muſick ſmells rank,*

This was ſaid, in GAZETTE, No. 29, to have been wrong printed for---*your* Mule ſhe *ſmells rank*. *Quære*, Whether it be not wrong printed both Ways?

Take this for a Truth, you muſt pick well your Ears,
Nay ſyringe them too, e'er your Song reach the Spheres;

Here is a new Method of Improving the Voice, *viz.* by Picking and Syringing the Ears; which, it ſeems, I muſt do, e'er my Song reach the Spheres. But why ſo high a Flight, good Mr. *Monitor*? Better *Poets* have been contented with the Top of *Parnaſſus*. In Compoſing theſe Two Lines, the Muſick of the Spheres ſtruck the Author's Imagination, which brought *Ears* for Rhime; then the Lines muſt be filled up, which was done by *Picking* and *Syringing*; and laſtly, finding that it wou'd not yet do, he was forc'd to turn from the Muſick of the Spheres to mine; for, it is impoſſible that any mortal *Poet* could have fallen at once on ſo ſurpriſing a Thought, as that of a Song reaching the Spheres.

The Tune you will leave to ſome other, if wiſe,
Or Midas's *Lugs will be thought your juſt Prize.*

Paſſing by the Archneſs of putting *Lugs* for *Ears*; pray, why ſhould ZOILUS deſerve *Midas*'s? If the Fable be kept up to, (which it muſt be, if meddled with at all) neither ZOILUS, nor the MONITOR, can deſerve *Midas*'s Ears, tho' a Third Perſon may.

The Sublime! I well know, you fain would eſſay,

This

This is a groſs Miſtake in our Author; for, if I had aimed at the *Sublime*, I ſhou'd have choſen a very different Subject. It only ſhews him to be entirely ignorant of the different Stiles in Writing, by applying the *Sublime* to *Satire* or *Ridicule*.

But Grub, *a Pox on it, ſtill comes in the Way;*
Bombaſt ſtands for Wit, and loſe Thoughts for a Jeſt,
Like an unſeaſon'd Diſh, ---- without any Zeſt.

And now I am come to the laſt and main Point, where he ſo unmercifully lays about him. He accuſes me of Bombaſt, and the Lord knows what; whether juſtly or not, muſt be left to the Determination of others. My only Deſign was, to rid the *Preſs* of ſo empty and incorrect a *Scribbler*; which End being obtain'd, I ſhall leave Room for an abler Pen.

Not to give the Reader a ſecond Trouble in this Way, I ſhall now beſtow a few REMARKS on the *Dream*, and *Interpretation*, in the GAZETTE, No. 30.

Heard Queſtions, pro *and* con.] This is a bold Plunge into the *Profound*. *Arguments* may be ſaid with Propriety to be *pro* and *con*; but *Queſtions*, which neither *affirm or deny any thing*, cannot be ſo.

I cannot ſay the Figure of him ſtruck me with Terror; and yet ſoon after, he ſays, *This put me into a greater Conſternation than ever.*] This is a ſmall Figure in *Rhetorick*, called the *Conſiſtent or Contradictory*. Our Author deals much in it, as might be proved from innumerable Paſſages in his Works; but I ſhall at preſent content my ſelf with one more Inſtance out of the ſame *Dream*.

He took out a Paper, and hümm'd *ſomething at himſelf; this put me into a greater Conſternation than ever, not being able to make out either* Sound, *&c.*] I dare ſay, the judicious Reader will acknowledge this *Hümm* to have been of a moſt extraordinary and ſingular Nature, ſince it had no *Sound* in it.

Her Mien was tatter'd.] The *Mien*, is the *Air* of the Perſon, but principally of the *Countenance*. I might therefore, with as much Propriety ſay, That the *Monitor has a hard-featur'd Coat, or pack-ſtretch Waiſtcoat.*

Then from its Chaos, *the World we'll draw once more,*
Leave, ---- Leave it to me, and Dulneſs *I'll reſtore.*

There's luſcious Poetry, you'd ſwear 'twas Proſe.
D. of *Buckingham.*

I have ſeen many Inſtances of our Author's Ignorance; but in theſe Lines, he has fairly proved, that he cannot tell Ten: For, whoever will be at the Pains to count the Syllables, will find, that there are Eleven in each Verſe; which diſjoints the Feet and Meaſure in ſuch a Manner, as muſt offend every good Ear for Poetry.

Then from its Chaos, *the World we'll draw once more,*

If *Bombaſt* conſiſts in the great Sound of Expreſſion, with little or no Meaning, this is a very good Example of it; and ſurely no one, but a Perſon of our Author's vaſt Genius for the *Abſurd*, cou'd ever have made it an Act of *Dulneſs* to bring the World from its *Chaos*.

To convince the World I am no Phantom, no Impoſtor, no Emperick,] Abold Undertaking! But how does he do it? Why truly by Interpretting a Dream. And is not this downright Quibbling? Does not all the World know, that *Partridge*, the *High German Doctor*, *&c.* have been eminent as *Impoſtors*, *Empericks*, and *Interpreters of Dreams*. Theſe are in Truth Siſter-Arts, and conſtantly accompany each other.

The ſaid Muſes made their Complaint to their High *and* Mightineſſes.] Here our Author has joined a Subſtantive and Adjective by a Conjunction; for which I can find no Rule in *Lilly*. But

——— ——— As for your Nouns,
Grammar, and Rules of Art, he knows them not.
D. of *Buckingham.*

The Stile of the *States-General* (which I ſuppoſe he wou'd here mimick) is *High-Mightineſſes*, or *High and Mighty Lords*.

There are many other Particulars, which I might inſiſt on; but decline it for the preſent. I ſhall therefore conclude this long Paper, by Appealing to the Reader, whether I can with any Juſtice be called *a carping Creature*, or whether I may not rather ſay, with *Horace*,

---------- *Non ego paucis*
Offendor maculis. ----------

LONDON, Dec. 30.

SEveral Merchants of Amſterdam, have received Letters from Iſpahan and Gilan in Perſia, dated in Sept. and Oct. laſt, with Advice, That every Thing is very quiet in that Kingdom, and Proviſions exceeding plenty; that the People are every where overjoy'd at the News of the Peace concluded with the Turks, and that there's not the leaſt Talk of any Rebellion or Conſpiracy; ſo that no Manner of Credit is given to the Reports of the Rebellion of the Usbecks againſt the new Sophi, or of the Conſpiracy of certain Lords againſt him; and if it may be admitted, that the Reports of that Kind come from People of any Reflection, they can only be invented and propagated by ſuch Perſons, to excuſe the Perſian Monarch for his having made a Peace with the Turks, excluſive of Ruſſia.

Extract of a Letter from the Hague, *dated Jan.* 2.

Freſh Matter of Diſcontent every Day ariſes between the Engliſh and Spaniards, the former frequently taking Spaniſh Ships in the American Sea, and the Court of Madrid ſtedfaſtly refuſing to grant the Aſſiento Schedule to the South Sea Company, upon Pretence that this Corporation ſcruples taking their Pieces of Eight at more than forty one Pence each, whereas they are current in the Indies at fifty.

London, Jan. 4. We hear, that during the Storm which happen'd when his Majeſty ſail'd from Helvoetſluys, they were oblig'd to cut down the Room in the Carolina Yatcht, which was built on Purpoſe for the late King to dine in, on the Quarter Deck, where his preſent Majeſty always choſe to lie for the Convenience of the Air, which was richly furniſh'd, and lin'd with Mahogany, the Pannels, Bed, Chairs, and Window Curtains of Crimſon Damask; the whole Building, which extended from Side to Side, was entirely cut clear to the Deck, and thrown over-board, it being ſo much in the way of working the Ship, and alſo gathered Wind; all the Braſs Guns, together with a great deal of Baggage, were likewiſe thrown over board; the Veſſel ſhipp'd Three Seas, and was in the moſt imminent Danger on the Coaſt of Norfolk; but thro' the great Abilities of the Admiral, and Skill of the Dutch Pilot on board, ſhe happily outrid the Storm. His Majeſty when he came to Helvoetſluys, rewarded the Pilot with a Bill for 200 l. Sterling.

One of the Sailors of the Mary Yatch, was waſh'd over-board, going into Goree.

Several Ships of War are ordered to be got ready to relieve ſome of Sir John Norris's Squadron at Liſbon.

That Admiral, we hear, is likely to continue there another Year.

London, Jan. 13. Yeſterday Morning died at his Lodgings at Newington, after a lingering Illneſs, Mr. Daniel Lamport, an eminent Virginia Merchant, and a Gentleman of a conſiderable Fortune.

Extract of a Letter from Conſtantinople, *Dec.* 12.

'A Courier lately arrived here from the Frontiers of 'Perſia, with Advice of a new Action between the 'Troops of Thamas Kouli-Kan, and thoſe that refuſe 'to acknowledge his Sovereignty, in which Kouli-Kan's 'Troops were defeated. After that Action, he march'd 'to Iſpahan, expecting a good Reception; but the Ci'ty ſent him a ſolemn Deputation, that they were reſolv'ed not to acknowledge him as Sophi, but to conſider 'him as the Defender of his Country, and at the ſame 'Time to ſacrifice their All for ſupporting the Rights of

the

'the lawful Succeſſor to the Throne. Upon this unex-
'pected Anſwer, Kouli-Kan return'd with his Army to-
'wards the Frontiers of Turky, and afterwards to Cal-
'bin.' Kouli-Kan's Treaſon and Rebellion is now com-
ing home to him; and the Miniſters of the Divan, that
are now for a Peace with Ruſſia, ſeem to be ſo thro' an
Apprehenſion that the Perſians will not ſtand to that
made with Kouli-Kan: But thoſe Miniſters muſt be very
thick-skull'd Fellows, if they think that thoſe of Ruſſia
can't ſee as far as the Porte does.

Letters from Barcelona of December 25, by the Way of Holland, ſay they were hiring, without Diſtinction, all Ships in a Condition to ſerve; that the Number already hired amout to 180, and that it was not doubted but theſe Preparations were deſign'd for ſome very important Expedition.

Letter from Baſtia, in Corſica, Dec. 15.

'M. Rivarola, our Governor, receiv'd Advice ſome
'Days ago, that the St. Anne, a Spaniſh Man of War,
'Capt. Raimond Borras, came the 3d Inſtant to Paragina,
'within 4 Leagues of this City, where he landed the
'Prebend Orticoni, who was receiv'd with great Joy by
'the Chiefs of the Malecontents, to whom he brought
'Aſſurances that the ſo long expected Succours would be
'there in 6 Weeks. The Spaniſh Frigate alſo landed
'the Day following, a great Quantity of Proviſions,
'Arms, Powder, and other warlike Stores, for which
'the Malecontents made publick Rejoicings; and have
'ſince unanimouſly reſolved, never to liſten to any Terms
'with the Genoeſe.'

From Naples, they aſſure us, by Letters of the 25th of December, that Lord Theodore was there, and continued to have frequent Conferences with Don Carlos's Secretary of State. And from Leghorn we hear, by Letters of December 28, that the King of Spain has lately granted a Commiſſion, and the Pay of a Colonel in his Service, to Don Giacomo Ciacaldi, one of the principal Chiefs of the Maleconte ts of Corſica.

Letters from Leghorn of the 28th of December ſay, that the Intendant of the Marine was gone to Porte Specie, to order away the Spaniſh Men of War there for Leghorn; that the Duke de Montemar had declared the approaching Evacuation of Tuſcany; and that the Spaniſh Officers were all packing up their Baggage to be gone.

Thoſe from Florence of the 29th of the ſame Month, tell us, that the Duke had diſpatch'd away Orders for the immediate Evacuation of Piſa, Leghorn, and Porto-Ferraio, and ſet out the ſame Day for Genoa, from whence he was to go to Antibes, and there embark for Spain.

And thoſe from Venice dated Jan. 5, give an Account that the Imperialiſts were then actually in full March to take Poſſeſſion of Tuſcany, the reciprocal Acts having been exchang'd the 29th of December, at Pontremoli; ſo it ſeems there is an End to that long Affair. The ſame Letters add, that the great Palace at Padua, took Fire 2 or 3 Nights before, and was almoſt conſum'd to Aſhes.

Williamsburg, March 18. Since the Arrival of the Expreſs from *South-Carolina*, mention'd in our laſt, His Honour the Governor of this Colony, with the Advice of his Majeſty's Council, has been pleas'd to ſend Orders to the Commanding Officers of the Counties joyning to the Sea, and the Bay, to muſter and diſcipline the Militia, and to have them in Readineſs, in caſe of Need: And has alſo taken Care to ſupply them with Ammunition, out of the Magazine.

In Obedience to theſe Orders, there was Yeſterday a General Muſter of the Militia of *York* County, under the Command of the Hon. *Cole Digges*, Eſq; Lieutenant-Colonel of that County.

The *Seahorſe* Man of War, our Station Ship, now in *York* River, under the Command of Capt. *Compton*, is getting ready with all Expedition, to ſail to *Georgia*; and it's expected ſhe will be join'd, off the *Capes*, by Capt. *Norris*, in the *New-York* Station Ship.

It's currently reported here, by Perſons who lately arriv'd from *London*, That Col. *William Dandridge* is very ſhortly to have the Command of one of His Majeſty's Ships.

Clear'd out of the Upper Diſtrict of James *River, ſince our laſt.*

Schooner Neptune, of Piſcataqua, John Kennard, Maſter, for Piſcataqua.

Ship Patuxent, of London, Henry Crane, Maſter, for London.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COl. Richard Randolph, *appointed Treaſurer, in the Room of Sir* John Randolph, *deceas'd, will attend in the City of* Williamsburg, *from the* 20th *Day of* April *next, 'til the laſt Day of the General Court, for the Diſpatch of any Buſineſs relating to the Treaſury.*

RAN away lately, from the Briſtol Company's Iron-Works, *in* King George *County, a Servant Man, nam'd* James Sumners, *a* Weſt *Country Man, and ſpeaks thick; he is a ſhort thick Fellow, with ſhort black Hair, and a Ruddy Complexion. Whoever ſecures the ſaid Servant, and brings him to the ſaid* Iron-Works, *or to the Hon.* John Tayloe, *Eſq; in* Richmond *County, or gives Notice of him, ſo as he may be had again, ſhall be well rewarded, beſides what the Law allows.*

RAN away from my Houſe in *York* Town, on the 6th of this Inſtant, a Servant Man named *Richard Savage*, he is a middle ſiz'd Man, a Taylor by Trade. He took with him, a German Serge Coat and Breeches, a red Waſtecoat, a grey Cloth Bannian, lin'd with Callimancoe of Two different Colours, a Callicoe Waſtecoat, 2 ruffled Shirts, a black Velvet Stock, a dark Bob Wigg, a little pinch'd up Hat, and good Shoes and Stockings. Whoever ſecures the ſaid Servant, and brings him to me, ſhall have a Piſtole Reward, beſides what the Law allows, paid by

Reginald Orton.

RAN away from my Houſe in *York* Town, on the 7th Inſtant, a Servant Man named *Samuel Tomlinſon*; he is a middle-siz'd Fellow, with a Scar of an old Sore under his right Jaw, and on his right Hand is made with Gun-Powder, Two Letters thus, S T. He wore a grey Cloth Coat, lin'd with red, and a blue Serge Waſtecoat; and ſtole away with him, ſeveral Pair of new Shoes, and Two Setts of Shoe Maker's Tools, and is ſuppos'd to be gone over *James* River. Whoever will ſecure the ſaid Servant, and bring him to his Maſter, ſhall have half a Piſtole Reward, beſides what the Law allows, paid by

Thomas William Irwin.

RAN away from my Houſe in *York* Town, on the 6th Inſtant, a Servant Man named *Patrick Burk*, a Saddler by Trade, born in *Virginia*, aged about 30, of a ſmall Stature, brown Complexion, ſhort black Hair, and mark'd with the Small Pox. He wore a Kerſey Coat with Mettal Buttons, and a Fuſtian Waſtecoat and Breeches. He took with him, a dark Bay Horſe, belonging to me, mark'd on the near Shoulder with a Heart. Whoever ſecures the ſaid Servant, ſo as I may have him again, ſhall have Twenty Shillings Reward, beſides what the Law allows.

James Mitchell.

N. B. If he be taken, and well whipt twice; I will, for each Time, give Five Shillings, beſides the Reward above.

WHEREAS ſeveral Books of Accounts, belonging to Mr. *John Parker, of Williamsburg*, were loſt from his Horſe, on the 17th of *February*, between the ſaid City, and Mr. *John Crawley's*: If any Perſon will bring them to the ſaid *John Parker*, at his Houſe in *Williamsburg*, or give Notice of them, ſo as they may be had again, he ſhall have a Piſtole Reward, and no Queſtions ask'd.

RAN away, laſt January, *from* Mr. Charles Chiſwell, *of* Hanover *County, a Servant Man, nam'd* William Marr, *an* Iriſhman, *aged about* 30, *of a middle Stature, and a brown Complexion. He wore a Kerſey Coat, with Mettal Buttons. He croſs'd over* Potomack, *on the Ice, below* Ockoquan, *and hath been ſeen in* Maryland.

Whoever will ſecure the ſaid Servant, or gives Notice of him to his Maſter, or to Mr. Walter Macfarlane, *Poſt-Maſter, at* Annapolis, *ſo that his Maſter may have him again, ſhall have Twenty Shillings Reward, beſides what the Law allows.*

Charles Chiſwell.

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